

## Lyric Fathom

Blackalicious

Rappers step to me like I'm a doormat  
Check the format, I pour raps  
Not your average everyday hardcore act actin'  
I'm like a mac 10, a uzi and a AK-47  
Rollin' with crazy kids like Bebe  
Mayday mayday, I used to listen to KDAY in my heydays  
I ride the bus with a dream of one day lampin' inside of a Mercedes  
Benz with sheepskin interior  
And two fifteens, and to rip means to get creamed  
I'm large as a hippopotamus, trip, I gotta dis  
Sip a bottomless cup of brew and I'm getting raw to this  
If a rapper tries to step, I rip and slaughter his ass  
Some shit, he oughta just swallow his pride and get to following this  
I'm marvelous like Marvin Haggler in his prime  
I carve kids like a dagger with my mind  
I start shit with rappers who can't rhyme  
I spark spliffs cuz I don't stagger when I'm high  
But when I'm drunk I do, punk I do not acknowledge wackness  
I gotcha grandma doin' backflips and tumbles  
I rumble through the jungle with Ollie and Frasier  
Call me the savior of hip hop  
I rip shop and get my proppers  
Come get with this ak, my style is akwards  
I never mock words, I talk towards the inner city youth  
Revealing it, the truth  
I'm feeling that the proof is in the pudding  
I put men that would end hip hop in my shop and I torture

Check out my lyric fathom  
Check it brothers, really, check it out

As I walk through the jungle with a knife on my ankle  
Taking lives, skip will shank you lyrically  
Apparently niggas wanna sleep still  
Keep still, I'm packin' the a heap of skills  
I'm rhyming to keep an ill mind, Saddam type shit  
Your arm might get snapped like a twig  
Rap like a nig-gero possessed thorough  
The astonishing mission, dishing pain  
Fishing in brains, plain lynching niggas bitchin'  
So take a ride, I'd abide by my rules  
Cuz fools I had duels with, I left them in the pool pit, I rule kids  
I'm a kamikaze bomb, drop a nigga with an arsenal of drama in my rhymes  
With the tracks and backs and heads is broken to pieces  
Rapture's phat, ya dead, ya croaked  
I wrote this piece as just a little dedication  
To the rappers on the other level  
Budded out and looking into space, a new frontier  
And I can probably bet cha that we got anything you want here  
Cuz punk, we're the crew that make you cheer  
The two that make you fear and send you back to the rear  
We're here

I flip and I rip shit  
I whip and I dip shit  
With the lyrical form, I did kick it slick  
I'm gifted, I'm ripping a nitwit to shreds

Get the Feds to arrest me for slaughtering emcees  
That's right, on my testicles  
Come get a little array of the skill supreme  
Wanna defeat me? My nigga, you should kill the dream  
The noise, the boys, the count, everybody  
When I drop fat styles that ain't your simple blahzay blah  
Lodi Dodi average Joe Simpleton with a average flow  
Have to go after you jugular  
Then shit gets uglier  
Man I hope you take heed  
I'm making brain cells bleed in excess amount of hemoglobin  
I rap, yes I'm out to see you bobbin' ya noggin'  
I've been gobblin' niggas talkin' shit like Hagen-Daas  
Stompin' 'em, mobbin' with the ill ass skill as seen  
On individuals who fiend for the real shit